

THE  
CHARACTER

OF A

*Modern Addresser.*

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*Bifrons est tibi Jane Caput.*

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L O N D O N Printed.

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*Modern Addresser.*

A *Modern Addresser* is one that has *Life* and *Fortune* in one Hand, and *Fears* and *Jealousies* in the other. He's an Animal of as much Forecast as the Horse which he rides upon, and of as distinguishing Abilities as the Groom that leads him ; nor is there any other essential Difference between the *Master* and his *Beast*, but what falls to the Advantage of the latter, since those cannot come up to the Dignity of the *Masculine* Gender, but are properly call'd *Mares* that piss backward.

He's one that would have as many Windings and Turnings as a *City Custard*, were he not always found out before he can make 'em ; and can be as attentive in hear-



ing nothing to the Purpose, as he is remarkable for speaking nothing that is worthy any other Man's Notice.

To be commended by him in one place, is to be disown'd by him in another; and he that has him by the Hand, may not improperly be said to have taken a *wet Eel* by the Tail.

*Pro* and *Con* are the two Crutches which he walks by, and if one happens to threaten him with a Fall, t'other is ready to interpose, and hold him up by Way of Prevention.

If encouraging Carbuncles may be said to be a Token of Courage, he's more valiant than Prince *Eugene*; and if bidding Defiance to *Gouts*, *Rheumatisms*, and other Diseases, with a Bumper in his Hand, is an Indication of Bravery, the Duke of *Marlborough* must give Place to him.

What Pity 'tis then such a Heroe as this should be coupl'd with a common Executioner, and that he that has commanded so many Faggots and Brushes to be burn'd in the Tavern, should be order'd himself to see 'em burn'd in the Streets?

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Should you call him a *Camelion*, you would call him out of his Name, for his Face shews that he cannot live upon Air; but should you say, he's an *Amphibious Creature*, and compare him to an *Otter*, you would hit his Character, for he makes no Bones of either Fish or Flesh at what Table soever he meets with it.

In Power, he's for *Jure Divino* Principles, and swears by his Maker, That the best Chapter in Sacred Writ, is the 13th Chapter of the *Romans*, which says, *There is no Power but of God*; but out of Place, he's the very Reverse of it, and defies the Voice of the People.

He's of an advanc'd Age, yet may be said to have retain'd the Blue of the Plumb in his Frontispiece, since his Looks are consonant to that Colour, only they are not of such a Blue as will never stain.

He's like a new Book with an old Title, at first Sight you'll expect Hypocrisy to be the Contents of it, but survey it well, and you'll find it made up of Impudence.

His Fore-fathers in Forty One are mere Pigmies in Sedition to him; their Pretence was to remove evil Councillors from their Sovereign,

Sovereign, but he is never at Rest 'till he gets into an Employment, to capacitate him to give evil Advice to his.

Ask him his Religion, and his Answer is, It is older than the ten Commandments; but question him about those Commandments, and he cannot make up the Number for the Soul of him, since the fifth must needs slip him, because it enjoins Obedience to Superiors.

He is not for an *Aristocracy*, because he is conscious to himself, if only the *best Men* were to be chosen for our *Rulers*, he should never have a Finger in the Pye; but a *Democracy* suits him to a Hair, because of his *Mob-Principles*.

He's an *Aristotelian*, though he loves the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness too well to be a Philosopher; and his Actions are sufficient Arguments to shew, that the Corruption of one Thing, is the Generation of the other.

He's one that has been deputed by the People to make *new Laws*, and thinks it of no Consequence what becomes of the *old*.

He's an *English* Man with a *Scotch* Heart,  
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an *Irish* Pair of Heels, and a *Swift Countenance* : His Courage is in chusing the strongest Side, his Constancy in being ever subject to Variation, and his Honesty in what you think to call it, for I know not where to find it, unless it be in his Gravity.

He's a mere *Reptile*, that should have had the *Serpent* for his *Father*, from his soliciting other People to sin, and *Eve* for his *Mother*, by his Readiness to comply with Temptations himself.

He never looks upon her Majesty's Arms, but *Semper Eadem* gives him the Gripes ; for he knows he had not been what he is, had he continu'd what he was.

He should be an *Israelite* by his mutinous Temper, at the same Time as the rest of his Actions speak him to be an Infidel ; and the only Way to trace his Descent to the Fountain-Head, is, to search for his Fore-fathers among the Malcontents in the Wilderness, where 'tis ten to one but you find 'em crying Liberty and Property for the Flesh-Pots of *Aegypt*.

To conclude, he may be understood, but not thoroughly defin'd ; for his ill Practices  
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are without End, and so might his Description : Wherefore I shall take my Leave of him, by saying, he's like one of our fashionable Things call'd Beaux, that, as he has no Brains, because they are out of Date, so has he no Honesty : And if my Reader is in Search after one that is neither Fish, Flesh, nor good red Herring, that is, neither Christian, Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heretick, *simply*, but has a Relish of the Leaven of every Perswasion, *complexly* ; here he has him at his Service, and much Good may the Bargain do him, for I am glad of this Opportunity to rid my Hands of him.

FINIS.

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